

THE RCM MAGAZINE



VOL 15 CHRISTMAS
No 1 · TERM 1919

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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial.

"Every heart that has beat strongly and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind."

"The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, to change with a good grace in changing circumstances."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

This issue of the R.C.M. Magazine is of such a special character that a formal "Editorial" is scarcely needed. Within its familiar covers will be found personal tributes to our late beloved chief such as none but a great and noble character could have inspired—tributes from past and present Collegians and friends of distinction, whose words of admiration and affection will be assured of sympathetic response wherever these pages are seen.

The very absence of any special article upon Sir Hubert's music is in itself a tribute. As Sir Charles Stanford has pointed out, the task of appraising the work of a great composer is one which no contemporary admirer, however ardent, could lightly undertake at short notice. In Sir Hubert's case the music is of such importance, of such acknowledged eloquence and power, that it stands an impregnable monument which can neither be adorned by praise nor tarnished by superficial criticism.

To "summon up remembrance of things past," to offer homage to one who has led us wisely and illuminated our musical and communal life in a remarkable degree, and above all to show that the loss of his bodily presence has in no sense left us destitute of healthy activity and driving power, these are some of the functions of the several articles which follow, which have all been lovingly written for those who will lovingly read.

Since Sir Hubert left us the times have been "big with tidings." The College will now begin slowly to resume its normal life which has been so severely shaken and disturbed. The interrupted studies of many of our most brilliant pupils will be resumed. Wheels long out of action will begin to revolve once more. We shall no doubt be brought face to face with difficulties and altered conditions which cannot easily be served or speedily adjusted. But they will be approached in a spirit of confidence.

The warmth of loyal welcome which we give to our new Director, Dr. Allen, is greatly increased by the knowledge that he won the confidence and intimate friendship of Sir Hubert. This we feel to be no mere good omen, but a positive inspiration both to him and to us.

A very wise theologian once declared that "new beginnings are the life of perseverance." Our own new beginning is, perhaps, rather in the nature of a transition. But our traditions are mercifully neither hoary nor mechanical. Where unchangeable principles and ideals go hand in hand with flexibility and the receptive spirit (as we firmly believe they do in the College) all should be well.

The Dawn of the Spirit of Brotherhood from "The Vision of Life."

THE DREAMER.

Yet in the weltering chaos of waste words
Slowly the madness of strife and of hatred
Yields to the spirit of love and of truth,
Dimly the certainties wake in the hearts of men!
Certain and sure are the stars in their courses,
At dawn unfailing the great Sun upriseth;
As summer follows the spring,
As seed-time follows the flower-time,
As waves are wind-born,
And green grass rain-born;
As bird is not wingless,
Nor flame without fuel,
So are there mounting up
Witnessing certainties,
Day by day,
Year by year,
Age by age,
Ever and always,
Marvellous, obedient, faithful and fruitful.

THE VOICES.

Harken, O brothers,
To the music of the song of the world!
Hear the hum of earth and air,
Feeding the forests;
Hear the bass of mighty trees,
Spreading, unfolding!
Hear the tender song of flowers expanding,
Hear the whisper of the green grass growing,
Hear the rustle of the wheat ripening,
Hear the shout of roustering winds,
Rousing the echoes,
Rousing the thunder
Of wild thronging waves!
Hear the mighty harmony of all the powers unseen,
Orderly, steadfastly, each in their ministry
Ceaselessly singing!
Hear them and love them,
And join in their jubilant song.

THE DREAMER.

Nearer they come, and ever more near!
Of our own time they are, and here!
And sweeping onwards in an endless stream,
No longer phantoms of a dream.
The form of each is clear!
There a dear familiar face!
There a friend long lost!
A child, a loved one!
Maybe there—myself!
A spectral shadow,
Doomed to strive a little space
And pass away.
What help? is there no stay,
No word of solace,
Nor a word of greeting anywhere,
To one left dreaming here alone?

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION.

None will be dreaming alone,
Nor hungering vainly for comfort!
See in the infinite distance
Where the unbroken flood moves on,
How hope and helpfulness unwearied
Make all the path a radiant mead;
And brother sees in the eyes of brother
The trust that makes toil's best reward.
They hold out hands to help the faint
To make the stumbling footsteps sure;
They sing the song of spirits freed
From pride and fear and barren greed;
They sing the song of spirits undaunted,
Of spirits purged of earthly stain,
The everlasting song of the way made plain.

THE VOICES.

We praise the men of the days long gone,
Faithful and brave, loyal and sure,
Who cleared the path their firmness won,
Making it plain for men unborn and for all time secure.

We think with love of those who fell,
Lost in the stress, living in vain;
Who knew not light nor wisdom's spell,
Wandering helpless, maimed and blind, condemned to help-
less pain!

Wise ones or worthless,
Helpful or hindering,
Martyrs or cowards,
Heroes or cravens,
All pace the same path,
All face the same death.

Limitless oneness binds us together,
Passing on life from one to another.
Seeking to solve it,
Seeking to know it,
Seeking to make it of worth to each brother.

Awake, ye that live in darkness!
Darkness serveth not for deeds of light.
Awake, ye that love folly!
Folly is no making for the life of man.
Awake ye that heed not man's worth
And laugh to see him faint and fall!
Awake ye that mock at the right
Ye counsellors of corruption!
Ye cannot stay the Sun!

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION AND THE VOICES.

Where faith is there is strength!
Where truth is there is joy.
Where trust is there is love.
Where love is there is heaven!

Onward! onwards and upwards
The path has ever been;
Onwards! onwards and sunwards
The traveller's way will be!
From hand to hand the token passeth on
Though millions after millions pass away;
Another takes the quest when our life's tale is done,
Come night to us, to others comes the day.
Hands across the ages,
Voices echoing voices,
Heartbeat answering heartbeat,
Joy surging triumphant;
The vision binds eternal life in one.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

A Tribute

From Sir Charles Stanford.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

You have asked me in very touching words to write an article on our late Director as a Composer.

Frankly it would be impossible for anybody to carry out a task in a few weeks which would require years for adequate treatment, and you will forgive me if I do not rush in where angels ought to fear to tread. I knew his work when I was in my teens, and the standard of its value has been ever the same from "Why does azure deck the skies?" to the "Songs of Farewell." What that standard was is obvious from the days when Cambridge gave the first repetition of "Prometheus Unbound," commissioned the Second Symphony, "The Birds" and "The Lotus Eaters"; and it may be gauged by a certain historic walk in George Mathews's garden at Birmingham in 1885, when I paced up and down with Hans Richter and my host, urging upon them a request for a big work from Parry at the Festival of 1888, a request which was acted on and resulted in the production of "Judith." Also by that request in sadder days that the fitting resting-place for so great a composer was one which was beside the masters of sea and land, and of art, which lay under the dome of St. Paul's.

Schumann once wrote of the impossibility of appreciating the height of peaks when the spectator was too close to the mountain ranges. It requires, above all things, time. Time to go to a sufficient distance, and time to explore the peaks themselves. This is true of Parry as of any other great writer. It is not for a contemporary but for the next and succeeding generations to write upon.

Therefore you will forgive me if I content myself with these few words. I can guess what the verdict of coming centuries will be, but I will not charge a jury which is not yet in the box. If my words are few, my heart is full; and you and the Union will understand.

C. V. STANFORD.

Sir Hubert as Teacher.

"By music minds an equal temper know."

A first sight of our dear Director, not quite thirty years ago, as he ran up the Green Room stairs on to the Albert Hall platform to conduct the first London performance of "St. Cecilia's Day," gave the impression of combined youth and age. This impression he gave perpetually, and it never could change. At forty, he looked old and wise; yet he ran like a boy to the conductor's desk. He had indeed the wisdom of young age; and what lovelier record of it exists than his setting of the words quoted above in the very work he then conducted? That was in 1889. In 1890 I knocked at the door of 17, Kensington Square for my first lesson, revering the very door-step by which the hero of my own particular world went in and out. He took me straight to Beethoven, showed me sonata form in its essence as he loved to do, and taught me his own five column plan of analysis :

FIRST SUBJECT and all that happens to it, and all that leads to	SECOND SUBJECT and all that follows it as far as the Cadences which complete this section.	DEVELOPMENT SECTION.	RETURN OF FIRST SUBJECT.	RETURN OF SECOND SUBJECT and the CODA.
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He caused his pupils to make these analyses on music paper so that they might make running quotations of musical phrases. The effect of his teaching in this way was so instant and illuminating that an apt pupil could at once, perhaps to his own astonishment and delight, play the analysed movement by heart with ease, for the meanings and the landmarks in the musical journey were revealed, and were made altogether clear and easy to remember. One day he exclaimed : "What, you do not know the Coriolan Overture !" "No," said I, with some shame. But it is "one of our sacred books." And a sacred book it was at the analysis, and of course has remained ever since.

Perhaps nothing could be more typical of his teaching and influence than the spirit in which he took his pupils to the last quartets, the "Lydische" (as he always called it) and the rest, and to the final piano sonatas. His playing of the air of the final C major slow movement, and the reverence he showed for the austere chords with which the end of that air is first given out showed his strongest side. He gloried in their reticence and in their emphatic plainness and played them with a hard clear touch. It sounded like quoting some great text in a musical Bible : "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," he seemed to say.

Sir Hubert was a great teacher because he had, amongst all others, three pre-eminent qualities : He had the passion to trace lovely and lovable things to their true sources; he had a great love of imparting the results of his efforts, as a born teacher has; and,

perhaps best of all, he never seemed to fancy himself as a teacher and was at constant pains (by quips and cranks and slang and any camouflage that came to hand) to hide the fact that it was his lot to expound some of the ways of God to man with authority. Naturally he puzzled some people by his refusal to be a very dignified Director of youth. His message was weighty, and in case it should weigh heavily, he often assumed that air of goodness-gracious levity with which all are so familiar and which all who loved him knowingly grew to understand and to take for granted much as one takes comic looking tortoiseshell goggles for granted, if only a great friend's eyes are behind them. Like Brother Juniper in St. Francis, he loved to shock solemn people, especially solemn admirers; and when he taught or lectured it seemed an essential part of the game that he often took on the manner of a fellow-schoolboy rather than that of a master, till he reached the heart of some important matter, when there could be no more winning dignity of manner and of utterance than his.

But what of the teaching itself? What are the things that we who were under his care and influence are to prize and, as far as we can, try to pass on in fruitful forms to coming generations of Collegians?

For my part, I long to see perpetuated his sane outlook upon chromatics. He exhorted us in his article on Harmony to be prepared to welcome a chord made of all the notes of the chromatic scale provided that it makes sense. He shut no doors; but he seemed to look with mingled pity and bewilderment upon the taste for saying a musical nothing and saying it luxuriantly. To him the simplest melodic inflection meant something consistently. So did the simplest harmonic progression; and to take a piece of work to him that seemed vaguely to enjoy itself in mere chords or outlines was to learn that the indefinite in music is culpable. He was increasingly clear and definite in his own writings. The drooping seventh in melodic outline, for example, which was so dear to him, was, it seemed, a lovely word in music which in all its contexts would signify a gracious and rather noble energy, with a touch of tenderness. Then a plain diatonic figure—such as at the beginning of his "Nativity"—carried a perfectly definite meaning with it, recording a state of contentment and a certain degree of energy. And because such definiteness was dear to him, and simple musical words meant much, he could and did use them persistently and to the exclusion of more experimental harmonic enterprise. His teaching in this respect made us set highest values upon diatonic melody and harmony, but without shutting our minds to new chords or chord-progressions, provided always that we could place them aptly and embody them in our daily use without either affectation or uncertainty. The vocabulary he himself used was clearly limited; and

this fact has caused many men, who cannot perceive his greatness yet, to think that he did not move on. His true sons in the faith may vindicate him if they will by learning to use an extended vocabulary with the clearness, certitude and sanity with which he used his. He attained mastery in his finest works by accepting, perhaps by imposing upon his own pen, limitations; and these very limitations made it possible to give to the world such masterpieces as "*Blest pair of Sirens*" in his first period and "*There is an old belief*" in his last.

A second ideal in his teaching which his followers and lovers can never let go is to be found in his principles on the setting of words. If Harry Lawes was praised by Milton, what chorus of thanks and praise ought not to rise up to our master for his just quantity and accent? The day must surely come when every unnatural violation of the verbal and musical compact in a song (still more in a chorus) will seem as obviously laughable as Tolhurst's "Ruth" was to Wesley (who, we are told, took that work down from his shelf whenever he felt unwell and in need of a tonic). When that day arrives, another great fulfilment of Sir Hubert's consistent precept and example will have been attained. I shall never forget his keen chase at one lesson after the right lengths, accents, and inflexions for Browning's puzzling line "He is admiral in brief," and how he thumped the piano with joy when he exclaimed "I've got it." In what he wrote and taught on this subject he seems to foreshadow the happy time when perfect speech and perfect song will exclude the forced and the absurd from all vocal music; and shrieking, bursting lovers—whether in the opera house or on the concert platform—will have ceased to make music monstrous to simple men, and a matter for weeping to angels. Think for a moment of the soprano lead to the words

"O may we soon again renew that song"

in every aspect of it, and it will seem impossible ever to do a naughty vocal thing again.

But when all is pondered over, his pupils will probably come back to the gift of great price, the rare illumination he could throw upon the thoughts and ways of other musical minds, above all (to me) upon that of Beethoven. At lunch one day not long ago, he began to teach me as of old about Beethoven's basis of work, showing how it was by the cutting out of every single note which could be spared that the mastery of abstract expression was attained. He seemed to suggest that Beethoven's method was rather like that of a sculptor who takes a block and chips away till he has reached the form he saw hidden and unexpressed within the first set of notes he lit upon. Students will know how true a judgment this is. It explains the twenty odd versions of the Emperor slow-movement, and the utter transformation of a commonplace fragment in A flat into the close consecutive melodic

thought and feeling in the first eight bars of the slow-movement of the Fifth Symphony.

A word must be attempted here as to Sir Hubert's teaching in other than musical ways. I often think that he put his manly wisdom and guidance into the carefully revised terminal addresses that we might have all he could offer us as our Director, his views of life and his aims for us as men among men, and that we might have them always in writing. Through these addresses, taken together with his books on the Art of Music, on Style, on Bach, we may have perpetual guidance. When I think of his diffidence about the greatest things I am reminded of a remark of a Sergeant-Major I met in France. He was telling of all the splendid things the men did for each other, with much the same admiration that Sir Hubert had for ordinary men. He also expatiated upon the failure of the Chaplains to influence the men. When I protested that all he described was practical Christianity, he exclaimed "Yes, but whatever you do, don't tell 'em so." Not only in his solemn cantatas, but in his merriest vein, it was clear that Sir Hubert was just "a man after God's own heart." We all knew it, but whatever he or we did, it could not be said till now, when perhaps it may easily be forgiven.

A great teacher leaves traditions for many a day. What are to be the Parry traditions? Ardour of course, in every corner of the College; a generous faith in its high mission and in all who serve it; impersonal, indomitable energy, a breezy spirit in difficulty, an open mind always, and that steady sanity of outlook which refuses to be narrow but insists on being clear. Let us all carry on in his spirit; and with these aims we may hope (under his old friend and our most welcome new leader, Dr. Allen) to fulfil his work and desires, and to gladden him wherever he now is, if in God's goodness this is allowed.

II. WALFORD DAVIES.

♦

The Purpose of Life.

The "Vision of Life," a part of the poem of which appears elsewhere in the Magazine, was written in 1907, and the end was revised in 1911 for the Norwich Festival that was abandoned because of the war. The inclusion of the poem seems to afford a fitting opportunity to give a short account of the ethical purpose of the fine Choral series which appeared during the years 1903-1914: "Voces Clamantium," 1903; "The Love that casteth out Fear," 1904; "The Soul's Ransom," 1906; "The Vision of Life," 1907; "Beyond these Voices there is Peace," 1907; the revised "Vision," 1911. Running through them all is a thread of continuity. They are as it were the embodiment in musical terms of the gospel that their composer was for ever giving

to the world by his life and his words—that a man's life is full in proportion to the extent of its relation with his fellow men, the individual with the community ; that what the individual does for himself is never lasting ; and that the solution of the riddle of life is ultimately to be found in the love and service of others; which, with its corollary, the love of the Eternal, is the moving spirit of the Instinct of Religion.

He hoped that as the works succeeded one another people would gradually be brought to see this thread running through them, but, to his regret, the majority did not. He was far too oblivious of himself and too sensitive about his ideals ever to proclaim this connection, but it was there ; and anyone who looked through the works again in this light could not, I think, fail to see it. Perhaps the most characteristic works in this sense, because they are—the first almost entirely, and the second entirely—his own words, are "The Love that casteth out Fear" and the "Vision." The idea is emphasised in the first of these by the repetition of a musical phrase and its context, in the first and last parts, to different words. In the first part the words are "What is Man? A shadow that departeth. What is our Life? The lifted veil of a vision. What is the wisdom of the wise? A few words written in the dust. What is the strength of them that strive? Dear-bought achievement and defeat. And when they pass Life's final bourne, the record runs for chieftain, churl or king. E'en so, but man!" " In the last part, when the psychological point is reached, the words run : "What is Love? The one thing that availeth. What is our hope? That good through Love prevaileth. What is the comfort of the frail? That strength of Love sustaineth. What is the wisdom of the simple? To trust in Love that never waneth. And when the doors of the eternal spaces open wide, the record runs for all who will to read, 'E'en so, 'tis Love?'"

The same idea runs through "Beyond these Voices there is Peace." (How many, I wonder, know that unforgettable setting of "The dust shall return to the earth as it was and the spirit to God who gave it." And the charming grace of the chorus "To everything there is a season"!). It shows the futility of amassing goods and wealth and honours for oneself—the dissatisfaction that comes with it; and shows that the only real satisfaction is to be found in striving after the higher things that benefit others besides a man's self, the great, broad, human graces, birthright of rich and poor alike, characteristic of the Eternal Himself, which keep a man "in perfect peace" because in them he lives beyond himself for others. It is noticeable, from "Voices Clamantium" onwards, particularly in "The Soul's Ransom," that those "others" for whom it is blessed and happy to live are the dwellers in the valley of dry bones—the poor and ignorant for whom the ways of Life are hard. "We grope for the light like the blind, we stumble at

noonday, we are as dead men." "Why are ye so fearful? Blessed are ye poor, blessed are ye that are hungry, blessed when men shall revile and persecute you. The Lord is a stronghold to the poor, a stronghold to the needy in his distress. He sendeth to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort those who mourn." And yet again, the ideal towards which these poor and ignorant should press is outlined thus: "See now, ye that love the light, ye shall not in darkness stray. The spirit cannot lie. To each and all the choice it gives, to rate the tempting world aright and to esteem it light—to ward the ransomed soul from stain . . . to attain the flawless harmony divine and pure with that which ever was, and is, and shall for evermore endure."

In the "Vision" the climax is reached. The poem speaks for itself. It is the story of the evolution of the spirit of brotherhood in man from the time of the prehistoric races to the present day. After the wrack and turmoil of the centuries—indeed because of it—"Dimly the certainties wake in the heart of man." To the composer it was a matter of unconquerable faith that good would outlast evil. The individual lives only for what he can accomplish for his fellow man—when his work is done, as far as in him lies, he passes; and he is of no account; but the great work goes on, whether he has helped, or whether he has hindered, or merely looked on. "From hand to hand the token passes on. Though millions after millions pass away. Another takes the quest when our life's tale is done. Come night to us, to others comes the day."

This, to my mind, is the meaning, and this the message of the five Choral works—the message of their composer's life which he has set forth for us at greater length, and in a different way, in the book at which he has worked with such extraordinary devotion and fervour for the last six years of his life, and which is to be published before long. And in these wonderful days, which he so ardently longed for but was not allowed to see, the message may well be reaffirmed, on the threshold of the new era that we hope is dawning—the era, as many of us believe, to which his music essentially belongs.

"There is, as it were, a limitless, unflagging, living series of variations on a great subject—and that subject is the progress towards the highest good of the race. . . . The highest optimism is the belief that as man has already succeeded in controlling his destiny, and the resources of the little corner of the world with which he is concerned, by slow degrees better and better, so he will go on doing it in the future. This is no hope of a comfortable easy-going Utopia, but a reality of constant effort towards the development of the consciousness that the guarantee of Life is the fruitful expenditure of energy" (C.H.H.P.).

EMILY DAYMOND.

The Literary Work of Sir Hubert Parry.

When a great man goes outside the region in which his greatness has been demonstrated, and gives to the world something in a fresh department of art or literature, it is only natural that his achievements in the new sphere should be praised by some and blamed by others to a degree beyond what the achievement may deserve. In considering Sir Hubert Parry's books, it is of course necessary that they should be judged not as the *parerga* of a very great composer, but by the same standard as if he had never written a bar of music. At the same time, they do beyond question acquire a very great additional value for students because they are the utterances of a man who proved himself great in every department of pure music, a man who understood the use of his material, and used it to the best advantage. We cannot help this, nor is it right that we should divest ourselves altogether of prejudice in favour of the books, since we must feel it a privilege to watch, as it were, a skilled workman at his processes of work, and to notice at how many points the books and the music throw light upon one another.

The articles in the old edition of Grove's Dictionary (carefully preserved, I may remark, in the new) on Form in various aspects, are widely known and highly valued; it has been admitted by one of our most successful modern composers that they were the chief ground-work of his musical education. The first of Parry's writings in book form, the "Studies of Great Composers," appeared in 1886, and a second edition was quickly called for. It is well worth while to compare the two editions, as such a comparison illustrates Parry's power of self-criticism in a striking way. The material of the book was first used in a periodical for young people, and its wonderfully straightforward style, its frequent use of colloquialisms, and the insight it displayed at every point, made the reader see that here was something new in musical literature, and that it was in contrast, too, to the graver style appropriate for the dictionary articles. While the stories of the composers' lives are told with such a picturesque brevity that the young reader must often have longed for more, the introductory passages before each of the studies are a foreshadowing of the writer's later writings; the "Conclusion" contains an estimate of Brahms' work that has never been bettered, although at the time of writing that work was not nearly finished. It is curious that the later editions of the book were not prepared with the same care that was bestowed on the second; for the sentence beginning "Brahms is not yet past the prime of his vigour" reads oddly in a book dated 1900, three years after the master's death. On the other hand, it is worth while to compare a sentence in the first edition with its form as altered in the second and later issues. After speaking of Pope Marcellus II., the

first edition goes on, "The man who succeeded him, called Paul IV., though not quite such a good man," which in the second edition is changed to "Paul IV., who succeeded him, though not a man of quite so high a stamp," as though the first form of the expression seemed a little too colloquial. It is amusing to see how Parry avoids a critical estimate of Mendelssohn, such as would undoubtedly have offended many of his readers in 1886. We know from many places in his works that Parry fully appreciated what was best in Mendelssohn, but while he emphasises the man's charming character and disposition, he is tempted to slur over the greater part of his compositions. It is perhaps right to point out that even in the later editions of this book, there are historical details that are not generally accepted as beyond question. It would not do for a young pupil to take every statement as to dates, etc., without confirmation from other sources; the enormous value of the book, as of Parry's other writings, all of which are a good deal more than books of reference, lies in his power of getting at the very soul of the art and expressing in words so much of what his practical experience had taught him of music's deepest secrets.

I am inclined to regard the second book, "The Art of Music" (1893, republished as "The Evolution of the Art of Music") as Parry's most precious contribution to musical literature. Again it is history, not dry-as-dust history that is content with establishing dates and nothing else, but history illuminated by the highest critical power and a wide outlook over the art in all its stages. It is easy for us, in the present year of grace, to smile at the way in which everything accomplished by Germans, every Teutonic tendency, is lauded to the skies, while French innovations and Italian efforts of all kinds come in for a good deal of adverse criticism; but it must be remembered that we all shared the same conviction that Germany was our "spiritual home"; and it was not till a good deal later that the influence and creative power of César Franck were realised in England. One longs to know what Parry, in his maturer life, would have written about modern French developments of his art. Like everything he wrote, this book is full of short sentences that every student should commit to memory, so invaluable is their teaching. What can be more true or better said than "Composers who persuade themselves to do that (i.e., to write down to a low standard of public taste) generally take a very low view of their public, and write even worse than they need"? The estimate of the mental capacity of various audiences was not always even so favourable as this, for it was one of Parry's characteristics that he was reluctant to believe in any good to music coming from the upper classes, and in truth his advanced political tenets, like his prejudices in favour of certain nationalities, are often allowed to disturb the balance of his critical powers.

"Operatic audiences have always had the lowest standard of taste of any section of human beings calling themselves musical. They generally have a gross appetite for anything, so long as it is not intrinsically good." This no doubt was true at one time of the clique of fashionable people who flocked to Covent Garden, but to imply that everything good in opera has been accomplished in the teeth of fashionable opposition is hardly accurate.

The volume of the Oxford History of Music (1902), for which Sir Hubert was chosen, covered a period when his great powers could hardly be used to the best advantage. As he himself said elsewhere, the space between Purcell and Bach was enlightened by no composer of the first magnitude, and the 17th century, intensely interesting as it is to the historian, was hardly illustrious enough to be worth treatment by so great a man as Parry. The various transitional movements which turned the old art of music into new channels are all described with masterly skill and lucidity; and such chapters as "Links between the Old Art and the New," and "Beginnings of German Music," are invaluable. But on the whole a far more precious contribution to musical literature is his "Johann Sebastian Bach" (1909). From his early years as a composer, Parry showed an exceptional affinity for Bach, and we need go no further than the "Grosses Duo" for two pianos to see the practical outcome of that affinity. The spiritual power of the greatest of composers has never been so splendidly brought out as it is here. In one sense, indeed, Bach's nature is perhaps insufficiently realised; his religion was essentially dogmatic, we might almost call it sectarian, and some of the deeper things in the soul's existence seem to have been withheld from Parry when he wrote this noble book. Yet that our great modern master had in himself the deep spirituality that was in Bach cannot be doubted by any one who studies the organ "Choral Preludes" or the motets which glorified the closing years of Parry's life.

In many ways the crowning achievement of Parry's literary career is the volume of lectures delivered at Oxford during his tenure of the Professorship, and published under the title of "Style in Musical Art" (1911). Each lecture is full of suggestion, and there are often humorous references to modern conditions of the musical world; they must indeed have been enchanting to listen to, although the sentences are so full of material for thought that no one could carry away the full message of the lecture after hearing it delivered, particularly if it was spoken in the characteristically impatient manner of the lecturer. It is impossible to refer to each of the lectures in detail, but "Choral Style," "Instrumental Style," the two on the "Influence of Audiences," those on the "Evolution and Functions of Thematic Material," and that on "Academicism" (in some ways most noteworthy

of all) belong to the most valuable things that have ever been put into words upon the art of music. The last chapters, on "Quality," are less spontaneous than the rest, and we may perhaps regard them as the work of a man tired out with all he had to do. In this connection I hope I may be forgiven for trying to sum up these remarks with a moral tag. It is beyond dispute that freedom from official duties would have given Parry leisure to compose many more works of what the French call "*longue haleine*;" the calm beauty and mellowness of his later works, and the range of emotion in his last published composition, the tenth series of "English Lyrics," makes one regret all the more bitterly the lack of many a non-existent masterpiece. Parry's influence on his art, and the ideals he maintained at the College, will be felt as long as music shall endure; yet it may be doubted whether a great composer is in his right place at the head of a scholastic institution, unless he have, what Parry certainly had not, the power of delegating to others a large part of his official duties. All pupils of the College under Parry's directorship must realize the privilege they enjoyed; and the thought of what Parry sacrificed for them and in the cause of musical education must inspire them to follow the path he showed them both in his books and by his personal example.

J. FULLER-MAITLAND.

Parry at Play.

One of our leading musicians, as reported in a recent number of the *Sunday Evening Telegram*, made the extraordinary statement that a boy who studied music at a Public School was regarded as a "molly-coddle." Anyone who is familiar with Public Schools at the present day knows how wide of the mark such an assertion is. Rather more than half a century ago it is true there were certain old-fashioned people who held that view, but Hubert Parry was only one of many who proved its inaccuracy. At Eton no boy was less of a "molly-coddle" than Parry. While finding time out of school hours to study theory and even to take his degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford, he was one of the finest athletes Eton had then to show. As a football player he held the distinction of being "Keeper of the Field" and "Second Keeper of the Wall." Those who remember him at Eton say he was a beautiful and fearless player. In one match he was carried off the field on a stretcher, and straw had to be laid down outside his house. It is also said that in another match he broke his collar-bone, but tied down his left arm and played on.

As a cricketer he just missed being in the Eleven. He was a splendid swimmer, a good racquet player, and a bold skater. In

short he was a paragon as regards all kinds of outdoor sports, though shooting and fishing had no attractions for him.

It was while he was still an Eton boy that I first met him at Highnam, his beautiful home in Gloucestershire, where his handsome, artistic father had invited me to spend a few days in order to make his son's acquaintance. I remember the vigour he displayed in various ways, and especially the boyish pranks in which he indulged when he rowed me in a boat on the lake. On a visit to Highnam a few years later, when the lake was frozen, I recall his delight in performing "cross cuts," "pig's ears," and similar difficult tricks which were then regarded as the *dernier cri* in skating. He was one of the best skaters among the undergraduates of his time at Oxford, and he was also a member of the London Skating Club. He has told me how when the Serpentine was frozen over, but not sufficiently so for the public to be allowed on the ice, he had dashed across it before the park-keepers could stop him.

I have no personal recollection of him as a cricketer, but he took keen interest in such fixtures as the matches between Oxford and Cambridge, and between Eton and Harrow, especially if any of his friends or the sons of his friends were playing; and when he could spare the time he would slip away from the College and run up to Lord's to look on for a few minutes.

But much as he loved all outdoor exercise, he had too serious a sense of the value of time to give up to it more than was necessary to keep him in health. His greatest recreation (using the word in its literal sense) was yachting, and I know how eagerly he looked forward to the recuperation which he anticipated from his summer cruises. It is my conviction that, if the war had not for the last four years made this annual "cure" impossible for him, he would have been in a better condition to withstand the illness which carried him off. On several of these cruises he was good enough to ask me to accompany him. Yachting with him was no society affair of the Solent, though he was a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was justly proud of his white ensign. His yacht was a strongly built, very seaworthy North Sea ketch, which he had gradually improved and altered as to rigging, fittings, etc., ultimately going so far as to have her cut in two and lengthened. His fare and habits were of the simplest. He would begin the day with a header overboard and a swim to an enormous distance; or, if the weather would not admit of this, he would get one of the crew to pour a few buckets of salt water over him on the deck. Though he had a qualified and responsible skipper, he worked out the ship's course for himself, and frequently took the helm, or helped to set the sails. It was delightful to see him steering on a sunny afternoon, with his busy brain no doubt teeming with ideas, and yet keenly alive to everything around him. He was never happier than in a violent

storm, or in a hairbreadth escape from danger. More than once I yachted with him off the West Coast of Ireland, and we visited such out-of-the-way islands as the Skelligs—the Great Skellig with its beehive cells of early monks; the Little Skellig with its myriads of seabirds—and the flat sea-swept Aran Isles at the mouth of Galway Bay. On other occasions we went to Holland or France; but wherever we landed he knew everything that was of interest concerning the place, historical, geological, architectural or what not. Never was there a more delightful travelling companion. When he went ashore he liked to superintend the marketing himself, selecting with discrimination the fish, or the beef-steak, or the vegetables that were required for our table. When we were able to anchor for the night in a harbour, he would often take himself for a sail in the dinghy while the dinner was being prepared; and after dark he liked to read some serious historical or philosophical book for a couple of hours in the cabin.

Whether at play or at work, at sea or on shore, no man was ever more energetic and intrepid, and at the same time more generous and considerate than Hubert Parry. Of him it might truly be said that he was *le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*

CHARLES H. LLOYD.

The First President of the R.C.M. Union.

"And the best of it is you've done the whole blessed thing yourselves."

The "thing" was the Union: the speaker, Sir Hubert Parry, and I recollect vividly the smile—half humorous, half fatherly-tender—with which he said it as he beamed round on his "College family" at an Opening Day Address; for nothing ever pleased him better than character and initiative among the students.

It is true that the ideas for both R.C.M. Union and Magazine originated with a little group of past and present pupils of the College, but without Sir Hubert's wonderful sympathy and wisdom they would most likely never have come to anything at all (unless it was an untimely end!), and looking back now I can see clearly that he gave the Union full liberty to develop in accordance with the spirit of the students, while the governing and teaching powers of the College were not in the least undermined thereby. In the Union Sir Hubert recognised and fostered a concrete attempt at that ideal of chivalrous comradeship which he always held before Collegians.

It was inevitable that in the course of working out such a thing there should be difficulties, anxious pioneer work, even occasional frictions. Whatever these might be, when the harrassed Hon. Officers carried them to Sir Hubert, they were sure of his complete understanding of every aspect of the case, and of his utterly impartial kindness.

The R.C.M. Magazine was started first in 1904, and served as an excellent base from which to launch the more ambitious scheme of the R.C.M. Union, which came in 1905, when a Preliminary Meeting of Collegians was held on October 9th, at which it was resolved to found the Society. Sir Hubert was in the chair, and in reply to our eager request that he would become President, he said, most characteristically: "It is better you should not make a mistake at the start, "but should adopt the right attitude that the Director should be the "President quite irrespective of personality. If I went out of it I "would much rather the Director who came in should have the delightful privilege conferred on him as a matter of course."

At this same meeting a Provisional Committee was appointed to draft the Constitution and Rules of the Union, and I had the honour to be one of these people. I recall how on a subsequent day Sir Hubert, Mr. Pownall, and the rest of us pored for hours over the draft, trying to imagine every possible contingency, and wrestling with intricacies of wording. Sir Hubert, as usual, brought order out of our tangled perplexities, and even found time to enliven us by writing on the blackboard (for we were in a class-room) some of the most bizarre, hair-raising and fearsome caricature chords imaginable à la Strauss.

By New Year the Union was fairly in shape, and the first Annual General Meeting took place on January 15th, 1906. Sir Hubert was absent, owing to illness, but he hardly ever missed another of any sort, attending 11 out of 13 General Meetings, and 37 out of 40 Committee Meetings, besides about a score of Sub-Committee gatherings. In addition there were the Union Loan Fund Meetings from 1911-12 (when the Fund came into operation) and onwards. These figures speak for themselves, especially to people who have some realisation of his extraordinarily full days.

What joy those meetings were when he presided!—his power of putting through the maximum of business with the maximum of thoroughness, showing just as clearly here as in the wider sphere outside College.

As years went on, and the Union expanded, Sir Hubert entered into every phase of its evolution. I have already said that he gave his help unsparingly on the constructive side, and on the social one he was just as wonderful, joining in the joyful spirit of Union "At Homes" with the zest of a boy and diffusing a lovely hospitality around him; indeed he was the very centre and inspiration of those great College parties. Nor was his interest bounded by the R.C.M. walls: when meetings took place at Members' houses he always attended if he could possibly do so, and was invariably pleased to hear about the programmes of music performed at them.

Then came the War, and the Union had to suspend many of its activities, as the shadow which was lengthening across the whole world crept over College also. Yet for a time we were able to carry on the Annual "At Homes," and who that was present at the last, on June 27th, 1916, will ever forget it? The spacious Hall, with Sir Hubert moving about it, happy among his hundreds of College folk, they in turn vying for the delight of even one word from him. And then the climax of the evening when, on a vast wave of fervour, the whole audience joined in singing his setting of "Jerusalem," with Sir Hubert himself conducting. Yes, well we remember it, and the noble fire and faith which seemed to radiate from him . . .

"I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

That gathering (a few days before the terrible and glorious Somme onset) is one of the shining memories of the war years, but more often the Union shared, through its Members, in the heavy shadows of pain, hardship, danger, and sorrow. Sir Hubert felt these to the heart, and he once wrote to me of the War that "One doesn't get hardened to it a bit—and it oppresses me and agonizes me worse every day."

But it always gladdened him to know that the thoughts of College folk on Active Service had turned to the old place, and so, when the letters I was privileged to receive in my capacity as Hon. Secretary from Union Members the world over, contained references to College and Sir Hubert, I often used to show them to him. As he read the words of devoted affection and admiration for himself—written without any thought he would ever see them—he used to look up from the pages and say, with wholly unaffected humility and a touch of wistfulness in his voice, "Bless me, that's very kind of them. Do they really feel like that? Do you think they really mean it?"

How deeply they meant it is proved by the letters full of love, homage, and grief which poured into College from Union Members after Sir Hubert's death, and I cannot do better than quote from one in conclusion. It came from a distinguished ex-scholar, now across the Atlantic. After referring to the fearful loss College had suffered by Sir Hubert's death, he goes on to say: "Yet what wondrous spirit will be fashioned in the hearts of those to whom he has handed the torch of inspiration and illumination. The dear Director's influence is really only just beginning to reach its full power in their lives."

MARION M. SCOTT.

Our Director. By a Present Pupil.

He is still with us in College, our Director, whom people tell us we have "lost," and it seems to us that his character and influence work as great a part as ever in College life. We have no longer with us his cheery presence, but to speak of *losing* such a great personality is almost to admit one did not know how big and far-reaching that personality was.

I remember once, early this term, during his illness, when all thought he would pull through, several of us were coming upstairs from the dining-room talking of how jolly it would be when he was well and could come back to us, and planning what a reception we would give him. It seemed to strike us at that moment more keenly than ever what he meant to us and how much we missed him. I believe the same thought was uppermost in all our minds, and one of us said suddenly, "He used to come down to lunch just about this time,—d'you remember?" But we needed no reminder of the jolly smiles, the cheery hand-shakes, and more often than not, a pat (or was it a thump?) on the back. To meet him in the passages and on the stairs was a thing to look forward to and be remembered, and he was always ready with a friendly word and a joke. I cannot help pitying the Collegians who, coming this term and after, will never have known him, and still more those—only a few, it is true—who, though they came while he was our Director, were so unlucky or shy or so little in College, perhaps, as never even to have shaken hands with him.

The Director made a point of getting to know us all, and all about us, and I believe the story is true that more than once he would enquire hurriedly in the Office as to "Who that girl in the pink hat was," or "When the tall chap in spectacles over there came,—he didn't seem to remember his face, somehow." Sometimes, and they were much-to-be-envied days, Sir Hubert would take you into his study on the occasion of discussing a possible "job" and seeking his approval, or perhaps for the presentation of a prize. He never played, or looked, the typical Headmaster summoning innocent and guilty to his den and treating them indiscriminately as culprits—he was always our kind generous friend, who sought for the best in everybody, and made us all feel that he liked us and enjoyed talking to us, even if at the moment he happened to be extra busy.

Though there are a few students who never actually met the Director or were spoken to by him personally, I don't think there can be a single one who did not hear his addresses at the beginning of each term, or some of the History Lectures. As the former were always printed in this Magazine there is little to be said about them, except that we all loved those addresses, and sat as near the front as we could

so as not to lose a word. He was sometimes rather difficult to hear, as at one moment he would speak loudly and distinctly, and the next almost in a whisper, taking us unawares. He was unique as a speaker, and often seemed to forget his audience entirely and to be talking to himself. He was never in the least degree prosy and had the knack of clothing serious truths in simple, modern and sometimes quite slangy English, which appealed to us far more than long words and flowery language would have done.

The History Lectures brought us into closer contact with him than the Addresses.—“a family party” I remember his calling one not long ago. The first lecture of the term always gave us the added excitement of the History Prize, which the Director himself presented to the writer of the best essay on last term’s lectures. I sometimes wondered whether he was quite strict enough with us, and whether he did not deliberately overlook or make allowances for faults in Style and English, though he was rather severe as to facts. “Amazing amount of intelligence in the College,” he would declare, surveying first the pile of MSS. and then ourselves—and lastly the fatal piece of paper on which our names were written in order of merit. Was it in a spirit of mischief or for more psychological reasons that he always kept us in suspense, even with that list in his hand? Then he would tell us the results, as pleased himself at the success of the winners as any of us, reminding them to “Come and tell me sometime what you want.” His method of marking was latterly rather an elaborate one, and the results were to be found in his own handwriting on the back. He marked under the heads of “Mind, Matter, Style and Order,” attaching greater importance to the individuality of the writer and grasp of facts than to means of expression.

The Lectures themselves were always thrilling, and the Director knew well how to make even a dull subject live and have present-day interest. He showed us how the human mind develops and is dependent on nationality, education intercourse with others and the history of the time; how the mind of genius is not a miracle but the product of generations of patient toil and experiment, and how it is the genius can achieve what his predecessors only groped for in the dark. “D’you follow what I’m driving at?” he would ask, looking at us sharply to see if we were getting out of our depth in things which to him were so clear; and if we were ever puzzled, back he would go and explain the point again in a different way till we grasped it properly. In the descriptive parts we had our work cut out for us in taking notes, as he spoke rather fast and in every sentence there seemed to be something of importance to be put down. Often there were amusing anecdotes and human touches, which, besides giving us enormous pleasure, helped us to grip our subject more firmly. I

sometimes tried to take down word for word what he said, and in some old notes on Bach's predecessors I find against the name Sweelinck "awful big swell," and in another place I see the note "Sir H.P. says Haydn was a sweet old party!"

He always seemed to enjoy speaking of realistic suggestion,—when it was first attempted, and how composers have used it. I remember his delight (and ours!) when someone played part of Kuhnau's "David and Goliath," and he pointed out the throwing of the stone, Goliath's death and the flight of the Israelites, and also his enjoyment of the Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother, and Couperin's "man with the wooden leg."

The Bach lectures were some of the most inspiring and the jolliest I ever heard him give—his evident love of the subject was infectious and he seemed to look on "old Bach," as he often spoke of him, as an intimate friend. Need I say what a privilege it is for us to have been to those lectures, to have heard his addresses, and still more to have known him and felt that friendly pat on the back? In all his great manliness he was gentle and sympathetic, ready to encourage and quick to see signs of tiredness or overwork, yet always despising shallowness, insincerity and slackness. He set before us the highest ideals, and that his spirit is still helping us to attain them we feel sure. It remains for us to be worthy of the honour of having known him, and to cherish the memory of a great musician and a friend in our beloved Director.

E. MARJORIE BARTON.

How Sir Hubert Worked.

I have been asked to say something as to how Sir Hubert worked. The word that first occurs to my mind is "incessantly." I am not dealing with his work at College, or on Committees there and elsewhere, but entirely with his own composition, musical or literary. To me, who (during the last six years especially) have had the privilege of seeing so much of his actual ways of working, it has been nothing short of a marvel. Not one moment was wasted. I do not mean that he was never able to take an interest in anything besides work—far from that; his interests ranged over an incalculable number of subjects, and those by no means only great ones. The architecture of the beautiful old Churches that we used to explore; his telescope rigged up in the garden to catch a sight of Jupiter's moons; his microscope with many of the slides prepared by himself; potato-planting and apple-picking; cork-collecting on the beach, one holiday when big bales were washed up; bicycling; all possible things concerned with the sea, boats and harbours; his duties on the Bench; his collection of wild flowers and seaweeds; the affairs of his tenants at Highnam;

books of every sort (and one of the articles of his creed was never to discard a book till he had finished it, however bad it turned out to be); the local excitements of the village—everything, indeed, that touched human interests touched him. But what I want to convey is that every cranny in his busy life was filled in with a little wedge of work. He liked best to write in the morning and after tea. In London he worked till 12, then went to College, where the whirl of College and other affairs generally stopped steady work for the day, though he often tried to work during the afternoon, recovering himself, after interruptions, in an extraordinary way. I remember "Jerusalem" being finished triumphantly on a frantically busy Friday afternoon and handed to me with "There—there's that new song, and such a row going on all round, too!" At Rustington he nearly always worked all the second half of the morning—then between tea and dinner. But I have known him for weeks at a time—particularly in Summer 1916—work literally the whole day long at a certain work that had to be finished. Till lately he always worked after 10 in the evenings, but quite recently he had not always been able; though even during last holidays I often used to find him checking or summarizing for the book he was writing, with as much energy as if his day's work were just beginning. He had an immense capacity for getting at grips with his work at once. Coming in from a ride, with ten minutes to spare, I have often seen him go straight to his table and at once become completely immersed in his work when almost anyone else would have thought there was no time to get focussed before having to stop; but he always *did* focus immediately, and I think that is the great secret of the immense amount he got through. It was, of course, only the reward of a life-long practice in concentration. I well remember his advice, when I went in to see him at College before going up for an examination at Oxford: "Concentrate—you don't realize what those papers take out of you—you *can't afford a moment, concentrate.*" That sentence might serve as a motto for his own work.

The extraordinarily high pressure at which he lived had a definite effect on his work—in this way: a good deal of time was taken for other things that many of us wished could be given to composition, so that he might have a little leisure for it. But lately I have felt—and I know he agreed—that it had a good result in making him conscious that the time that his normal daily life could afford him for his own work, if the outside duties were to be kept on, was so limited that he *must* work at high pressure and great concentration—never at leisure. It was that, I think, that kept his work throughout instinct with that extraordinary eagerness and freshness that glows quite as brightly in his latest works (think of "Jerusalem," "Ye Boundless Realms," "The Child and the Twilight," "The Whirling

Jig," the Scherzo of the "1912" Symphony) as in the typically fresh and buoyant Scherzo and Finale from the English Symphony, "The Pied Piper," and others of his earlier works. I do not for a moment mean that it made his work sketchy and ill-balanced. The very contrary was the case. He was exceedingly sensitive—almost over-sensitive—to his own self-criticism. Over and over again he would re-write something because "it must be the very best I can do" (his own phrase about a point in the "Vision of Life"). Sometimes a composition would come straight away with no hesitation and no correction. I remember, when six of the new Choral Preludes were finished (I had not known he was thinking of a seventh), he came back from a week-end at Rustington and said "I've done another Prelude—did it on Saturday between breakfast and luncheon!" That was "Martyrdom" and "Martyrdom" hardly had a note altered. Another day, at Rustington, he came in to luncheon looking quite exhausted, "I never did write so many demisemiquavers in all my life—my back quite aches with them!" That was "Hanover," and that part of "Hanover" was not altered. But "O come and mourn" was re-written practically three times over because there was one point he had determined to get in, and it seemed impossible to get it in without destroying the balance. But it was got in, and the Prelude is—what it is. The entire middle section of the well-loved "There is an old belief" was cut out, and one about half the length substituted, for the same reason of balance. How keenly I regretted the sacrifice of so much fine music, but "if you don't like changes, you won't do for me!" The Courante from "Hands across the Centuries" was cogitated over and altered and re-altered after it was apparently finished, to get the proper curve up to the climax and the just balance of keys. "I know my soul," from the "Songs of Farewell," was a source of much consideration, for it was a long time before he could find the exact progression for "I know myself a man." The reason in this case was that the original progression was "out of the picture" in a setting of Elizabethan words.

On the other hand, the reason for the re-writing of the Scherzo of the E minor Symphony was a very characteristic one. "People liked it so absurdly, I thought there must be something wrong about it!" And I remember the answer to a query in some proofs about a pair of 5ths: "Yes, I saw those 5ths—I looked them straight in the face and said 'Yes, you're a pair of brutes, but I'm going to leave you in.'"

In the days of the Bach book, when the proofs were coming in in great bundles, he was nearly overwhelmed with them in addition to everything else; for he was extraordinarily careful to get the words that would express his exact meaning, and yet, in altering sentences, he always took the most amazing pains to re-word so as to keep the

same number of letters as in the corrected part, and so to save the printers having to re-space ! I have known him try for hours to satisfy himself and to spare them. He nearly always succeeded. In the book on which such countless hours of time and devotion have been spent during the last four years he has carried compression and balance to the extreme pitch ; his phenomenal memory made difficulties for him here, for he rarely forgot anything he had once read ; and as he read omnivorously in the direction of the subject of the book, he was perpetually seeing new light and new instances confirming his own views. But he cut out, and summarized, inexorably.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of his intense wish to have everything right was the point in his setting of "The Vision." Here in two places he made a complete change after the whole of the revised ending had actually been scored; in one place, because someone reading over the score commented on the recurrence of a certain note that seemed to delay a climax. In the other place because the same friend, in playing the P.F. score to him, had felt surprise at a progression, but thinking it a small matter had made no mention of it; but he had noticed the slight hesitation in his friend's playing, and said it confirmed what he had also felt. At once he altered both points; though one involved a couple of pages of new work, and both necessitated considerable re-scoring. But "it must be the very best I can do."

I could say much more, but I have said enough, I think, to show Collegians their Director in a rather new aspect—an aspect, to my mind, at once appealing and most inspiring. His own words shall finish for me :—

"Rest is for those who live not, for Life lies in striving,
Joy is for those who grudge not to suffer in contriving."

EMILY DAYMOND.

The Funeral of Sir Hubert Parry.

Purple and black, and the gathering of a multitude of people in the midst of a multitudinous capital city, cannot of themselves render true homage to the memory of the honoured dead ; but they may constitute a vast tribute when quickened by sincerity of purpose, a spirit of devotion, and the impulse of deep and refined emotion. For then outward signs are forgotten in the remembrance of inward truths : the brilliance of symbols is robbed of common superficiality by the revelation of the great underlying meaning ; a rare spirit is caught, a great collective act accomplished, a fitting tribute rendered, and the "Vale!" of heart and mind honourably and purely uttered.

Those who gathered together at St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of October 16th said "Farewell" to Sir Hubert lovingly and

regretfully, but, above all, hopefully. It was not a grief-slain "Good-bye"—that so limited and finite expression with which a man will salute his fellow who is journeying far beyond the chance of physical re-union, or which a nation offers with such finality of respect to its dead King. In that uplifting leave-taking at St. Paul's we were conscious of no limitless parting. It was a looking-forward. An end in one small sense, it was more truly a new Beginning; a lamentation from one obscured point of view, it was to clearer vision a proud Thanksgiving. We met in honour of the dead; but Death had only a natural, conventional part that day. It had claimed our Director's body, as it claims every animate thing; there its part began and ended. Death, viewed as annihilation, had little place in the mood of a concourse wherein, it must have seemed to many, the vivid memory of the man we sought to honour was so present—his qualities of heart and mind, his inspiring optimism, his abounding energy, his scholarship and wide-mindedness, his devotion and encouragement to those whose enthusiasms seemed unable to blaze to such a flame as burned in himself. This memory was so freshly with us, in an almost physical companionship. For it is proven of Ages that human qualities, in their highest attainment, are durable in defiance of the physical death of the person in and by whom they were manifest. And it is when his fellow-men are moved to pay tribute to any or all of a man's moral and artistic qualities that he is most surely honoured.

It was with such purpose of tribute that there went to St. Paul's that host of friends—of Royal Collegians, of men and women distinguished in the world not merely of music, but of Painting, Sculpture, Literature; so that one had the rare spectacle of the meeting at one time and in one place, and with single purpose, the representatives of the King, the Prince of Wales, and Queen Alexandra; the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London; the heads of the Royal Academy of Music and the Guildhall School of Music; representatives of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham (those homes of learning which delighted to honour Sir Hubert, to which he as surely gave as took from); representatives of the Royal Choral, the Handel, the People's Concert, the Royal Geographical and Literary Societies; the Royal Academy of Art (of whom Sir Edward Poynter was the distinguished representative), and, most fittingly, the Professional Classes War Relief Council, among whom Sir Hubert had laboured so recently and so unselfishly.

Obviously, the music performed on such an occasion could not have been of any ordinary type, but had rather to be distinguished by something of the spirit of him at whose burial, and in whose memory, it was to be sung. Of the service at St. Paul's it will not easily be forgotten how sensitively-designed the music was—how it admitted the expressions of resignation and strong hope. It gave comfort; it

looked forward magnificently. For once the opening sentences, set to Croft's music, carried the conviction they are meant to do. The less lofty of their associations fell away from it. That procession along the Nave, from West to East, headed by Dr. Walford Davies conducting the Choirs of St. Paul's and the Temple Church, after which came the Clergy and the Bier with its novel company of pall-bearers (nine Etonians led by the Keeper of the Field—a proud position which was once Sir Hubert's)—that procession lacked nothing in solemnity, but carried with it a much-too-rare feeling of hope. This looking forward, this confidence, and the feeling of thanksgiving were the great content of the music which, after the Psalm "I will lift up mine eyes" and the Lesson, reached its noblest moment in Sir Hubert's own motet "There is an old belief," wherein the unison passage at the words "That creed I fain could keep, that hope I'll ne'er forgo," gave us the most vivid moment of the service, the most vital memory of a beloved man, the greatest uplifting in that inspired service. Remembrance of the hymn sung is apt to fade betwixt that of Dr. Allen's and the Bach Choir's interpretation of the motet and Cathedral Choirs' singing of Sir Charles Stanford's finely-conceived anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven." . . . And Bach was there: not only in his organ Chorale-Prelude, "Jesu, Priceless Treasure," which Sir Walter Parratt played at the outset, but in the Passion Chorale, sung by all present. One likes to imagine Bach's presence there, in welcome to one who loved and understood him in such rare perfection. Thoughts of the companionship of these two—Bach and Sir Hubert—must have crowded the minds of the congregation on October 16th; must, most surely, have been fostered by the share in the scheme given to some of the finest—(but not the very finest one of all, strangely!) specimens of the Director's Chorale-Preludes; such as "Martyrdom," played by Sir Walter; "Ye boundless realms of joy," played by Dr. Davies, at the moment when, at most burials, one has to be oppressed by a Funeral March's insistence on loss and unassuageable sorrow; and "St. Anne's," and others, played severally by Mr. Henry Ley, Dr. Alan Gray, Mr. Ivor Atkins, and by Dr. Alcock, whose accompaniment to the service was so masterly in helpfulness and suggestion.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's pronouncement of the Blessing came at the end of a service rich in unforgettable moments, which itself marked the close of a career filled beyond all ordinary degree with good works greatly and generously accomplished; "good deeds," not buried with their performer, nor likely ever to be forgotten by those who were witness of them; and whose sum is of itself the best memorial of a man's earthly course well and truly run—a memorial of no solitary and fixed abiding-place, but world-wide in that world of music which the stuff of that memorial has permanently enriched.

HERBERT HOWELS.

Sympathy from the Royal Academy of Music.

Immediately before the orchestral rehearsal on Tuesday afternoon, October 8th, Sir Alexander Mackenzie referred to the great loss which English music and musicians had sustained as follows: "You have doubtless heard the deplorable news of this morning, the untimely death of Sir Hubert Parry. I am too deeply moved to say more just now than that our country has lost one of the very greatest musicians she has ever produced. The man who wrote "Blest pair of Sirens" was a genius, and we have parted not only with a big personality, but a great personal and very dear friend. No one knows better than myself, who have had the privilege of working with him in harmony and peace for over 25 years. Of all that I must defer speaking till later. At present the words won't come as they want to. He would not have wished to interrupt the work of students, but we shall play the Funeral March from the Eroica Symphony before proceeding further." The Funeral March was then played, both orchestra and audience standing. The Academy was closed on the day of the funeral of the late Sir Hubert Parry.

The following letter was received on October 10th from the Royal Academy, signed by twenty-seven students:—

We, the undersigned, on behalf of the Students of the Royal Academy of Music, desire to offer you our very deep and sincere sympathy in the great loss you have recently sustained by the death of your Director, Sir Hubert Parry.

While we feel that it is impossible for us fully to enter into your loss, which to so many of you must be of an intimate and personal character, yet we do realize, so far as young students are able to, that by the death of your Director there has passed away one who was not only a great composer and a learned historian, but one who by his high ideals and his single-minded devotion to our Art, has greatly helped to raise the whole standard of music in England, and to win for English music and English musicians a world-wide respect and esteem.

We feel that his life of strenuous work and high endeavour, so unexpectedly brought to a close, is a great and inspiring example to all earnest students of music, and as we know he was a very old and greatly valued friend of our Principal, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and that he took a real interest in the work and success of our Academy, we feel that your loss is to no inconsiderable extent ours also.

As upon several occasions in the past, some of our fellow students have had the pleasure of joining with some of yours in pleasant social intercourse, we feel that we should like you to know that we are thinking of you at this time, when so great a trouble has fallen upon your College and so great a calamity upon English musical art.

The following reply was sent to the Royal Academy, signed by fourteen representative pupils of the College:—

On behalf of the pupils of the Royal College of Music, we wish to offer you our deep gratitude for your beautiful expression of sympathy with us in our great bereavement.

We have lost, not only our Director, and a remarkable personality, but a beloved friend; and it helps us to know that our grief is shared by so many who knew and appreciated him.

We feel, too, that his great spirit is not dead, but still inspires us to do our best to further the development of the Art he loved.

The Royal Collegian Abroad.

"Men have all sorts of motives which carry them onwards in life, and are driven into acts of distinction from a hundred different causes."

W. M. THACKERAY,

LONDON.

During the recent season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, the place of leader was occupied by Miss DORA GARLAND on the occasions when—owing to military duties—Mr. Arthur Beckwith was unable to be present.

At Miss OLGA HALEY'S Vocal Recital at Steinway Hall on October 2nd, songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Walford Davies, Frank Bridge and Eugene Goossens were included in the programme. It is a pleasure to record that Miss Haley has been engaged for one of the forthcoming Philharmonic Concerts.

A Chamber Concert, devoted to the compositions of Mr. FRANK BRIDGE, was given by Mrs. ETHEL HOBDAY at Wigmore Hall on October 30th. The principal works performed on this occasion were the Sextet for strings and the pianoforte Quintet. At the Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall on October 26th, Mr. Bridge's setting of Rupert Brooke's "Blow out, you bugles" was given its first performance.

On Wednesday, November 6th, a Sonata Recital was given by Miss NANCY PHILLIPS and Mr. THOMAS DUNHILL at Eolian Hall. The well-arranged programme included Mr. Dunhill's Sonata in F major (Op. 50) for violin and piano, which was then played for the second time in London.

Mr. JOHN IRELAND'S second Pianoforte Trio and Mr. FRANK BRIDGE'S Phantasy Quartet in F sharp minor figured in the programme of British music arranged by Mr. Isidore de Lara at Steinway Hall on November 14th. Part songs by Dr. Vaughan Williams were also given.

Miss MARGARET HARRISON made a successful *début* at Wigmore Hall on Wednesday, December 4th. She was assisted by Miss Beatrice Harrison, and the two sisters—with Mr. Hamilton Harty at the piano—introduced Sir Charles Stanford's new Irish Concertino, for violin and violoncello.

Mr. LLOYD POWELL gave a Pianoforte Recital at Wigmore Hall on Friday, Dec. 13th.

The following "In Memoriam" performances of various works by Sir HUBERT PARRY have been given:—

Symphonic Variations in E Minor.....Queen's Hall.....Oct. 12th
(Conductor, Sir Henry Wood)

Theme and 19 Variations for Piano.....Wigmore Hall.....Oct. 31st
(Miss Adela Verne's Recital).

"Blest pair of Sirens" (Royal Choral Society).....Albert Hall.....Nov. 23rd
(Conductor, Sir Frederick Bridge).

"The Soldier's Tent" (Mr. George Baker), Royal Philharmonic Society.....
Queen's Hall.....Dec. 5th
(Conductor, Mr. London Ronald).

INDIA.

A "Sacred Recital" was given at the Garrison Church, Dalhousie, on September 11th, for which members of the 1st Kent Battalion were chiefly responsible. Pte. I. DIXON-SMITH was organist on this occasion, and was also 'cellist in an Andante from one of Mozart's String Quartets.

Whilst on leave in India from Mesopotamia, 2nd Lieut. LEONARD JEFFERIES took part in a performance of "The Mikado" at Mussoorie, given in aid of St. Dunstan's Home for Blind Soldiers. Mrs. McGrath took the part of "Yum-Yum." Mr. Jefferies acted as accompanist at a concert given in Mussoorie on May 14th for the Blind French Soldiers, when he also appeared as a soloist in one of Chopin's Valses.

MONTREAL.

Two "Organ and Choir Recitals" were given at Christ Church Cathedral by Mr. ARTHUR EGG on March 16th and March 23rd. At a Concert in the Synod Hall on May 29th Mr. Egg conducted the Cathedral Choir in three of Sir Charles Stanford's part-songs: "Corydon, arise!" "The Bluebird," and "The Witch."

MISCELLANEOUS.

After a connection of forty-three years with Westminster Abbey, Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has resigned his position of organist. Sir Frederick's devoted service to the music of the Abbey and his genial personality will cause him to be long remembered there, and—in view of his numerous and varied activities—his many friends will wish him enjoyment of the greater leisure afforded by this resignation.

MR. SYDNEY NICHOLSON (an old Collegian) has been appointed the new organist, and takes up his fresh duties in January. For the last ten years he has been organist at Manchester Cathedral.

MR. ALFRED WALL's Piano Quartet in C minor (Garnegie Trust Award, 1918) was given its first performance at a Concert of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Bach Choir. The composer himself played the violin part.

MISS FLORENCE GARDINER is working at the V.A.D. Hospital, Warwick; previously she had been working as a V.A.D. in London and Mentone, since 1915.

2nd Lieut. SAM GRIMSON unfortunately met with a rather alarming accident while on a lorry carrying ammunition in Italy. Through the horse staking fright at a shell explosion he was thrown over a precipice, and had an almost miraculous escape from death. After being in a London Hospital for some time he has now been sent to a Convalescent Hospital at Lymington, where he is progressing well. His many friends will wish him a speedy recovery.

Owing to an oversight at the printer's office, a few copies of the last number of the Magazine were insufficiently stamped when posted, and the Hon. Secretary wishes to express regret to any recipients who were surcharged. The Magazine subscription of 1s. 9d. (for non-Union Members) is now due.

BIRTHS.

On October 26th, at Montreal, to Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR EGG—a son.

On December 23rd, to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. HARRIS—a daughter.

LETTERS FROM OLD COLLEGIANS.

After giving some account of his work with the Serbian Second Army during their victorious advance last autumn, Lieut. DENIS WRIGHT says:—"I have met an old Collegian here, Miss Hedges. She is "O.C. Transport" for the Elsie Inglis Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital, and is camped about seven miles from us. She has been here once for a most enjoyable musical evening, and has now managed to get a piano at her camp. Her ambulance cars have been doing splendid work lately. Some of them are right up at the front, evacuating wounded practically from the trenches, and often under shell fire."

The friends of Pte. SYDNEY SHIMMIN will be glad to know that he has recovered from the illness which kept him for many weeks in hospital, and has resumed his duties on one of the Ambulance Trains in Italy. He writes:—"When I got back, I found the men had formed a sort of Concert Pierrot Troupe, and practised up things as well as possible without a piano. One of our Sisters had designed and made all the costumes (ten). We call ourselves "The Queries" and have costumes half white and half black, with a big ? on the chest and a little one on the cap. We rushed round and got leave to practise at a canteen near our garage, and eventually gave this canteen our first show, which was very successful, although only two of the members had ever sung a song in public before. We have got the Troupe on business lines now, and I am appointed Musical Director! You would be amused to see me in a Pierrot costume, accompanying various drawing-room songs with great 'soul,' such as 'Until,' 'Because' and other 'confinetivals,' as Howells calls them, also various 'rags' and dances. Anyway, it all gives unbounded enjoyment to a great many men, so I suppose it is worth doing. We have formed a little glee party from the members of the troupe, and we are getting on nicely. I have arranged 'Drink to me' and 'It was a lover' for our next concert."

Photographs of Sir Hubert Parry.

The two photographs of Sir Hubert Parry in this issue of the Magazine are inserted by kind permission of the respective photographers, Mr. E. O. Hoppé and Messrs. Lafayette. We are also indebted to Messrs. Augener, Ltd., for their kindness in lending the block for Messrs. Lafayette's picture.



Camera Portrait by Mr. E. O. Hopp.

The R.C.M. Union.

*"All, that he came to give,
He gave, and went again."*

LIONEL JOHNSON.

Union Members all over the world have shared in a fellowship of sorrow for the death of Sir Hubert Parry, and such a grief is beyond the power of expression in any formal paragraphs, just as the magnitude of loss suffered by the Union is beyond computation; but the noble memory of him who has gone remains like some farewell message of blessing to us.

Those Members who were not able to be at the funeral service in St. Paul's Cathedral may like to know that the Union sent three wreaths in remembrance of its dearly loved President, which were placed near his grave in the Crypt.

One was a large chaplet, made of sprays of palm, with a mass of scarlet and white carnations at the base (such as Sir Hubert used to call his special flowers), representing the College colours. On the card were the words: "With united love, and in unfading remembrance from the Members of the R.C.M. Union, at home, abroad, and on Active Service; also on behalf of those who are Prisoners of War."

A large wreath of white roses, heather, tuberose, chrysanthemums and scarlet gladiolus was sent: "From the past and present Members of the R.C.M. Union Committee, in affectionate and grateful memory;" and a wreath made entirely of crimson damask roses was sent "In loving homage and sorrow from the Hon. Officers of the R.C.M. Union and Magazine past and present."

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Union will be held on Thursday afternoon, January 16th, at 3.30, in the Concert Hall at College. Tea will be served at 4.15. At 4.15 Major Walford Davies has most kindly consented to give a lecture on "Music during the War and after."

All Union Members are most cordially invited to attend, and the more who can come, the more delighted will the Committee be.

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

MABEL SAUMAREZ SMITH, *Acting Hon. Secretary.*

Pro Patria.

BOROWSKI, RUPERT	
BROWN, ERIC F.	Captain, Wilts.
BUTTERWORTH, GEORGE S. K.	Lieut., Durham Light Infantry.
CHAPMAN, DONALD J. S.	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers.
CHAPMAN, PHILIP E.	Hants Regiment.
COSTER, ERNEST.	Captain, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
DIXON, CHARLES J.	
EVANSON, ROGER M.	R.W.K.R.
EYRE, WILFRED R. B.	
FARRAR, ERNEST B.	2nd Lieut., Devonshire Regiment.
GOODWIN, SEYMOUR T.	
GOOSSENS, ADOLPHE	2nd Lieut. Norfolk Regiment.
HARE, WILFRED J.	London Irish Rifles.
HEBERDEN, ARTHUR C.	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles.
HOSKING, H. NOEL.	Corporal, Middlesex Regiment.
JONES, H. DUKINFIELD	H.A.C.
MACKNESS, CLAUD P.	2nd Lieut., Gordons.
MASON, EDWARD	Lieut., Northants Regiment.
MIDGLEY, ALBERT ...	2nd Lieut., Worcestershire Regt.
MILLARD, A. G.	2nd Lieut., East Surrey Regt.
PARKER, RALPH W.	2nd Lieut., Grenadier Guards.
RETFORD, HARRY	Artists' Rifles
ROPER, ERIC W.	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers.
SADGROVE, LEONARD	Royal Fusiliers.
STUART, KENNETH BRUCE	2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry.
WANKLYN, W. H.	2nd Lieut., Household Brigade.
WILKINSON, A. B.	2nd Lieut., Royal Sussex Regiment.
WRIGHT, CECIL K.	Royal Fusiliers.

Office Staff:

HATCHMAN, JOHN	Hussars.
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Reported Missing :

BREACH, GILBERT H.	Royal Fusiliers, (Public Schools Batt.) since Oct. 17th, 1916.
IRELAND, JOSEPH K.	Captain, Royal Fusiliers, since Oct. 7th, 1916.
WARREN, FRANCIS PURCELL ..	2nd Lieut., South Lanes, since July 4th, 1916.

Obituary.

SECOND LIEUT. CECIL K. F. WRIGHT,

10TH BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS.

The War is over; the sorrows brought by it remain; and it is with deep regret that we record the death in action of Second Lieut. Cecil K. F. Wright, killed in France on August 21st, aged 28 years. To have died in that decisive and gigantic set of battles which secured the freedom of the world is as noble a death as man could have; but for those who are left to mourn, the loss is great indeed.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wright, of Salisbury. From early childhood he showed a marked love for music, and was placed under Dr. Luard Selby, of Rochester, for a time. Later he came to the Royal College of Music, where he remained for three years, being with Sir Walter Parratt for Organ, and Mr. Herbert Sharpe for Piano. While still a pupil of the College he was appointed organist of St. Mary Abchurch, Cannon Street, E.C., and the present writer (who heard him play his trial service) recollects how triumphantly he proved his abilities and carried all before him. There is no doubt that if his life had been spared he would have made an honourable place and a successful career for himself as an organist.

He joined the Army in January, 1915, and went to France in November of the same year with the Public Schools (20th) Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. In January, 1916, he was so severely wounded that he was in hospital for six months, but in November, 1916, he was sent back again to France, where, being still far from strong, he contracted trench fever in January, 1917, and was again invalided to England. He went to France for the third time on August 2nd of this year, and less than three weeks later he was killed in action.

To a nature so thoughtful, conscientious, and sensitively artistic as Cecil Wright's, war must have been repellant to the uttermost, yet he did his part faithfully as an Englishman, unflinchingly as a soldier, and by his death College has lost one who was equally worthy of regard as a man and a musician.

He always used his music as a talisman to bring joy to others. During his convalescence at Eastbourne he did much valuable work as Musical Director of the Cavalry Cripples' Concert Party; and after his death a brother officer wrote from France describing how Lieut. Wright "used to play and make the men sing and sing until they could sing no more, and so for a time at least they were happy and forgot their troubles and the horrors of war." M.M.S.

LEONARD STEPHEN SADGROVE,

PRIVATE, ROYAL FUSILIERS.

With much regret we have to chronicle the death, in action, of Leonard Sadgrove, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's Scholar, which took place on September 6th last. He studied violin with Mr. Rivarde, and piano (as second study) with Mr. Samuel. Though only destined to serve two terms of his scholarship period before the Army claimed him, he won respect and esteem throughout the College as an earnest student of sterling character.

SECOND LIEUT. ERNEST BRISTOWE FARRAR.

When the news reached College that Lieut. Ernest Farrar had been killed in action in France, on September 18th, everyone experienced a shock of sorrow and a keen sense of personal loss. For even those Collegians who never actually met him, knew him through his music as a composer of much distinction and rare promise, while for his many friends, who knew still better the charm and modesty of his character, the loss was doubled.

He was the eldest son of the Rev. C. W. Farrar and Mrs. Farrar, of Mickfield, near Leeds, and was educated at the Leeds Grammar School. He studied with Mr. Bernard Johnson; in 1905 he won an Open Free Scholarship and came up to the R.C.M., where he was under Sir Charles Stanford for composition and Sir Walter Parratt for organ. The Arthur Sullivan Prize was awarded to him in 1906, and in 1907 he was elected Grove Scholar. His scholarship had still two terms to run when he was offered, through College, the post of organist at the English Church in Dresden for six months during Albert Mallinson's absence. This he accepted. Soon after his return from Germany he was appointed organist of St. Hilda's, South Shields, and it was here that he first met his wife, then Miss Olive Mason.

In 1912 he became organist of Christ Church, Harrogate. In August, 1916, he joined the Army, serving as a Private in the Grenadier Guards; later on he obtained a commission in the Devonshire Regiment, and was sent to France this summer.

On the morning of September 18th his battalion took part in a big advance. The mist lay heavy on the new day, and through it he led his men into action, cheering them, and encouraging them. Those who lived to return spoke of his courage and gallantry, but he never came again. No one saw him fall; he died as he had lived, modestly and unselfishly. All that is known is that he fell far forward; and those who found his body later think he was killed instantaneously by machine gun fire.

In losing him, English music has suffered a heavy blow, for his singularly rich gifts of mind and temperament, united to his fine character, had already placed him among the most distinguished composers of the younger British school. The Celtic power of dream and poetry were united in him with the sturdy Anglo-Saxon fibre and sound judgment—an unusual combination.

It is impossible to do more than allude to his compositions in the brief space at disposal here, but his cantata "The Blessed Damozel," his orchestral works, part songs, etc., all rank high, and will live after him. His last completed work was a set of Organ Choral Preludes, finished a few weeks before his death. He also left an unfinished Sea Symphony; and two movements of a String Quartet called "Celtic Impressions," founded on passages from Fiona Macleod. There is a pathetic, almost uncanny ring of prophecy about the first, "The Dominion of Dreams," for it is headed thus: "There are dreams beyond the thrust of the spear, and there are dreams and dreams; of what has been or what is to be, as well as the more idle fantasies of sleep. And this is perhaps of those whose gossamer is spun out of the invisible threads of sorrow; or it may be woven out of the tragic shadows of unfulfilled vicissitudes"

Ernest Farrar was 33 years of age, and had been two days in the Line when he was killed. He rests now in Ronssoy Communal Cemetery, in the Valley of the Somme. M.M.S.

STEPHEN KEMP.

Very many Collegians will hear with sorrow of the death of Mr. Stephen Kemp, which took place on October 30th. Mr. Kemp was born at Great Yarmouth in 1849. At an early age he won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied under George and Walter Macfarren, Pauer, Goss and Sterndale Bennett. In his younger days he was known as a distinguished pianist, and the measure of his value as a teacher may be gauged from the fact that he taught not only at the R.A.M., but also at the R.C.M. and the Guildhall School. He was appointed by Sir Arthur Sullivan to the staff of the National Training School (in the building which is now known as the Royal College of Organists), and he continued as professor in the same place when the R.C.M. arose in its stead. He was a most interesting link with mid-Victorian days, and often entertained his friends with delightful memories of Sterndale Bennett and other great musicians of the period. His genial and friendly presence will be very much missed in the College. T.F.D.

DORIS HAINS.

The news of the death of Doris Hains was received in the College with great sorrow by all who were happy enough to know her. She died on November 30th, after 12 days of suffering from pneumonia, following an attack of influenza. She will always be remembered as a lively girl with a happy and honest disposition, which considerably influenced those in her company. Everyone will realise how sadly she must be missed at home, and join in sincere sympathy with the members of her family in their bereavement.—B.B.

Thursday, 21st Nov., 1918.

1. QUARTET for Strings in G major,
op. 54, No. 1 *Haydn*
JOHN PENNINGTON (Scholar),
GERTRUDE NEWSHAM,
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
EDWARD J. ROBINSON (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
2. SONG.....Blow, blow, thou winter
wind *R. Quilter*
IVY B. EASTON.
3. HARP SOLO...Le jardin mouillé.....
J. de la Preste
KATHLEEN BARKWORTH (Scholar).
4. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS.
a. Stettienne *G. Fauré*
b. Melody *Frank Bridge*
ELSA IVIMEY-MARTIN (Scholar).
5. SONGS.
a. Les Regrets *Délibes*
b. The amorous Silvy
C. Hubert H. Parry
c. An Eriskay love-hit
Kennedy Fraser
K. ISABEL L'ANSON (Scholar).
6. QUINTET for Pianoforte and Strings,
in D Major, op. 51.....*Arensky*
KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar),
A.R.C.M.

LENA CHISHOLM (Associated Board, New
South Wales, Exhibitioner).

DOROTHEA M. CHRISTISON, A.R.C.M.

SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.

DOROTHY S. THUELL, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-
Harrison Exhibitioner).

Accompanists—

ISABEL E. BEDLINGTON,

KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar),
A.R.C.M.

CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE.

Tuesday, Dec. 10th, 1918.

1. OVERTURE...In the South, op. 50.....
E. Elgar
2. CONCERTO for Pianoforte & Orchestra,
No. 2, in C minor, op. 18.....
S. Rachmaninov
DOROTHY T. DAVIES (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
3. SCENA..... Ah! Perfido*Beethoven*
KATHLEEN MARKWELL (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
4. SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS on the
Irish Air: "Patrick Sarsfield".....
C. Wood
(Conducted by the Composer).
Conductor—
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A.,
Mus. Doc.

Reviews.

SINGING CLASS MUSIC.

The Wind and the Leaves (Two-part Song)	} <i>C. Hubert H. Parry</i>
A Song of the Nights (Two-part Song).....	
Neptune's Empire (Unison Song)	
(EDWARD ARNOLD, Maddox Street, W.).	

A special interest attaches to these three little songs, apart from their intrinsic merit, as they are the last published works of the composer. For this reason they may fittingly be reviewed in this memorial number of the R.C.M. Magazine.

The Wind and the Leaves.

The very spirit of a breezy autumn day breathes through this delightful little song. The invitation of the wind, the fluttering, dancing, and singing leaves, and finally their sleep under a snow blanket, are in turn depicted with a charming delicacy and humour. The compass is moderate, and the interest of the voice parts equally maintained throughout. Indeed there is not a dull bar in the composition, and the whole forms a valuable and attractive study in two-part writing.

A Song of the Nights

Has a graceful flowing melody, it is shorter and considerably easier than the foregoing song. An effective contrast is obtained by the unison of the middle verse.

In *Neptune's Empire*, a Unison Song we have reflected the composer's well-known love of the sea; it also affords a characteristic example of his method of treating words (i.e., following the *sense* of the words, rather than their *rhythm*, where this is needed to make them clearly intelligible). It is a most exhilarating composition, abounding in virile force and robustness, and the performers will surely delight in the broad sweeps of the melody, and the fine climax which occurs with the change of tempo at the last line of each verse.

M.S.S.

The Term's Awards.

"Deeper, deeper let us toil in the mines of knowledge."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—

Blatch, Jessie M.	(Piano).....	£10
Finch, Edith	(Singing).....	£10
Klein, Hilda M.	(Piano).....	£10
Newborn, Margery, A.R.C.M.	(Piano).....	£10
Sturrock, Mary	(Violin).....	£10

THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE (value £3 3s.) for Singing—

Finch, Edith (Council Exhibitioner).

THE DOVE PRIZE (£13)—

Christison, Dorothea M., A.R.C.M.

THE LEO STERN MEMORIAL GIFT for 'Cellists (£5 5s.)—

Churton, Edith M. (Scholar).

THE LESLEY ALEXANDER GIFT (£27)—

Thruell, S. Dorothy, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner).

THE MANNS MEMORIAL GIFT—

Houghton, Doris, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner).

THE EDMUND GROVE EXHIBITION (£20)—

Sawyer, Yvonne M., A.R.C.M. (Council Exhibitioner).

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MUSICIANS' SILVER MEDAL—

Houghton, Doris, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner).

THE NORFOLK AND NORWICH SCHOLARSHIP—

Barrett, Melesina M. (renewed for two years).

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE R.A.M. AND R.C.M. have awarded Exhibitions to—

Le Fèvre, Mabel J.	(Violin)
Jones, William S.	(Violin)
Sharp, Eileen N.	(Singing)

and renewed Exhibitions, viz. :—

Fraser, Dallas, for one year to December, 1919.

Edmunds, Richard, for one year to December, 1919.

Wolfe, Anne, for one year to December, 1919.

LIST OF DATES, 1919.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

Last day for receiving application forms... Wednesday, 23rd April.
Preliminary Local Examinations Wednesday, 28th May.
Final Examination at College about 11th June.

A.B.C.M. EXAMINATION.

Last day for receiving application forms... Wednesday, 26th February.
Examination begins Monday, 14th April.

EASTER TERM.

Entrance Examination Thursday, 2nd January.
Term begins Monday, 6th January.
Half Term begins Monday, 17th February.
Term ends Saturday, 29th March.

MIDSUMMER TERM.

Entrance Examination Thursday, 24th April.
Term begins Monday, 28th April.
Half Term begins Tuesday, 10th June.
Term ends Saturday, 19th July.

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Entrance Examination Thursday, 18th September.
Term begins Monday, 22nd September.
Half Term begins Monday, 3rd November.
Term ends Saturday, 13th December.

